dead) as Dr. Caius, Courtice Pounds as Sir Hugh Evans, and Mrs., Tree as sweet Anne Page all rowed in the boat with precisely the right swing. There were no " passengers " in the cast. The audience at first used to seem rather amazed! This thwacking rough-and-tumble, Rabelaisian horse-play—Shakespeare ! Impossible ! But as the evening went on we used to capture even the most civilised, and force them to return to a simple Elizabethan frame of mind.

In my later career I think I have had no success like this ! Letters rained on me—yes, even love-letters, as if, to quote Mrs. Page, I were still in " the holiday-time of my beauty." As I would always rather make an audience laugh than see them weep, it<may be guessed how much I enjoyed the hearty laughter at His Majesty's during the run of the madcap absurdity of " The Merry Wives of Windsor."

All the time I was at His Majesty's I continued to play in matinees of " Charles I." and " The Merchant of Venice " at the Lyceum with Henry Irving. We went on negotiating, too, about the possibility of my appearing in " Dante," which Sardou had written specially for Irving, and on which he was relying for his next tour in America.

On the igth of July, 1902, I acted at the Lyceum for the very last time, although I did not know it then. These last Lyceum days were very sad. The reception given by Henry to the Indian Princes, who were in England for the Coronation, was the last flash of the splendid hospitality which had for so many years been one

of the glories of the theatre.

During my provincial tour with Henry Irving in the autumn of this year I thought long and anxiously over the proposition that I should play in " Dante." I heard the play read, and saw no possible part for me in it. I refused